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drawing and expression for such cat's-paw stunts he will some day find that every exaggerated scratch and dab of paint was a nail in the coffin of his reputation.

To what extent should an artist be allowed in his *landscapes* to falsify his drawing? He should be as exact in drawing a form as in a figure painting. Monet drawing the façade of Rouen Cathedral (see page 175) so that we can scarcely distinguish a form is dishonest because he could draw impeccably. Even Mr. Beckwith in his article, see below, admits it. Even he, who had criticised us, claims: "To attain completeness in our art requires the amalgamation of these two forces which are in our nature, viz., mastery of color and mastery of drawing."

Notice now Monet's "London Bridge in a Fog" (page 178). Here we do not need more form or drawing because all the forms are veiled by the fog. But though the color has a charming rosy gray, the picture soon palls upon us because of the very lack of form and linear melody, although this is a far more rational picture than the Rouen Cathedral spoken of. Now look at "The Pond" by Corot (page 178), an exquisite composition made beautiful mainly by its form and line composition, since the color is almost totally gray, a combination of black and white which is called the no-color colors. True, the grays are pearly grays of an extraordinary finesse of "values" and of technique. But its charm after all lies principally in

its melodious composition plus truthful drawing combined with truthful painting. It is this poetic veracity of line and color that makes it a charming emotion-stirring work and not any peculiar "poetry of color" alone, which is appreciated differently by different people of equally refined and sensitive nerves.

Monet will not be forgotten, but his future reputation will rest entirely on the early work he did—before he became a "color experimenter" and when his drawing was perfect and his form living.

The process of executing a conception selected by the soul may be divided into two—the intellectual and the mechanical; the one is done by the brain and the other by the hand, both being directed by the soul. So that the quality of the result depends entirely upon the quality of the soul of the artist. If that is fine and exalting the total result will be fine and exalting; if it is common or vulgar the result will be common or vulgar. There is no escaping this. And all rational men will agree with Ruskin: "You can always stand by Form as against Force. To a painter the essential character of anything is the form of it, and the philosopher cannot touch that." And we believe they will stand with us in the hope that our artists will see that they can help along the flowering of great art in America only by agreeing with nature that, before we think of color in art we must first insure the life and beauty of the form, which can only be obtained by the utmost possible truth of drawing, even though we ultimately must follow nature's plan and glorify the form by means of the color.

AS A CONTRIBUTION TO THIS SYMPOSIUM ON COLOR, WE PRESENT A SHORT ARTICLE
BY ONE OF OUR AVOWED PROTAGONISTS OF COLOR:

COLOR

BY CARROLL BECKWITH

DEFERENCE certainly must be paid to the group of painters who style themselves "modernists" for their efforts (I cannot say crowned often with success) in the direction of Color. There is a cheerful buoyancy attached to their canvases which, when successful, is like a ray of sunlight let into the gallery. Why, one is tempted to ask, is this successful result not oftener gained? The answer seems to me not far to seek: we are all of us sensitive to the manner of application of paint to canvas and this we deem one of the exponents of an artist's skill. You have heard the expression "Throwing a paint-brush in the face of the public." Now I contend that a skilled craftsman, a dexterous artist, suffers more upon beholding this class of work than the public—but it is undeniable that a rough and repellant workmanship may, and often does, harbor very beautiful elements of color.

I distinctly remember Claude Monet while I was in Giverny painting a series of pictures from a curving row of poplars bordering the river Loing, for the preservation of which he paid a considerable sum to make sure that they should not be felled for a year. These pictures were his masterpieces, not only intensely original in *motif* but done in an able and workmanlike manner. The following

year he conceived the idea of portraying sunlight on the façade of Rouen Cathedral and made another series of paintings extremely interesting in color, but of such unsolid and "cheesy" texture that, no matter how far removed the spectator might be, the sense of solidity of carved stonework was in no way conveyed. (See page 175.) I have, however, no intention of discussing the technique of my fellow-painters but of advancing some generally admitted and perhaps trite rulings that have been for a great many years adopted in the studios of our predecessors, rulings which it may be not unwise occasionally to review.

In the first place, there are two admitted divisions of Color: *warm* and *cold*. Each can be subdivided into as many gradations as a sensitive eye can detect and each of these subdivisions made to play upon a well-recognized set of human emotions. For example: the gathering together of dull grays, purples, deep blues and blacks will produce to the human mind depression, sadness; while a display of roseate pinks, violets and pale greens and yellows gives us the sensation of joy, of mirth, like the *allegro* movement in music. To go a step farther: shrill yellows and violent vermilions act upon the human nerves as the blast of some strident instrument or a sudden shock.



Courtesy of Knoedler & Co.

FIG. 7

PAINTED BY DELACROIX

"THE BARQUE OF DANTE"

Here is already manifest a certain weakness of drawing in detail, the beginnings of Delacroix's theory of the sacrificing of perfect drawing for color. Compare this with the fine drawing of Velasquez, Fig. 1, and also with the even more marvelous drawing of Ingres, Fig. 3

I am sorry the accompanying picture, "The Barque of Dante" (see above) which I have chosen to illustrate somewhat the idea I wish to convey in this letter, is not reproduced in colors, since it would then more convincingly show my meaning. The picture was conceived and painted by Eugène Delacroix in the summer of 1821 when the young artist was in his twenty-third year. It is unquestionably one of the great masterpieces of French art; there is, perhaps, little question among the various groups of painters that Delacroix stood forth among the very first in France to cast defiance in the teeth of the established schools of classicism. As a Romanticist he was the most daring and prolific and as a colorist his brush opened new horizons and lifted the curtain of convention from the face of Nature. In this picture—one of the crowning glories of the Salon Français in the Louvre—the emotional elements of the color-scheme are in harmony with those aroused by the subject in the mind of the spectator. A turbid, surcharged, sulphurous darkness pervades the painting. Glimmering flames of yellow, white and red glare in the distance, while the writhing torsos and faces of the figures clinging to the barque of Charon are of a livid green. They are drawn and modeled with an anatomical knowledge and dramatic power which genius, fortified by thorough training in draughtsmanship, alone could have executed. The figures of the two poets who stand upright in the boat are clad, Virgil in dark blue and Dante in a robe of

warm ochre, the latter wearing a slate-gray hood. The note of rich cool green in the laurel worn by the Latin poet and the ardent flesh-color of the back of Charon, as contrasted with the bloodless corpses which wrangle in the dark waters, combine to accentuate the horror of the scene.

Here then is amply emphasized the dramatic and emotional use of color and the picture illustrates what I have already advanced. The palette has all the responsive chords of a musical instrument when that is understood and properly handled; it can be called upon to play upon the feelings of the beholder in almost the same degree as the strings or pipes are by a musician. It must not be overlooked that the *skill* of the artist in the rendering of his work has much to do with the impression produced. As a student I have often stood and marveled at the elegance of the modeling in the writhing torsos in the foreground of this painting, which are full life-size. I have realized deeply what mastery this young man had over his tools, as well as over the emotional qualities of his color and composition! With his palette and brush he seemed to play at will upon the feelings of his beholder.

Recently I was asked if there were "intellect in color." I am rather of the opinion that color is pure Emotion, as form and line are Mind. One could be *taught* that certain combinations were harmonious and others the reverse; but the mastery of color must come from the heart, as the mastery



Courtesy of Knoedler & Co.

FIG. 5

PAINTED BY MONET

"LONDON BRIDGE IN A FOG"

An example of charming color but insufficient form



Courtesy of Knoedler & Co.

FIG. 6

PAINTED BY COROT

"THE POND"

An example of both charming color and sufficient form

of drawing, form, finds its source in the brain. To attain completeness in our painter-art requires the amalgamation of these two forces which are in our nature. No two artists will be alike, as no two of us have the same degree of feeling for cool grays, or deep rich shadows, nor could we render them alike. But the *minds* of our critics will decide

on the merits of our works, and the more they are cultured (not in the German sense) the more discriminating they will become.

Carroll Beckwith

Note: This brief on color by a notable painter was written but a short time before his sudden and deeply lamented death.

WE ALSO ASKED MR. ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD TO GIVE US HIS VIEWS ON COLOR AND FORM, WHICH HE HAS KINDLY DONE IN THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE:

COLOR AND FORM—THEIR RELATIONSHIP

BY ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD

CONSIDERING color in its relation to the art of painting, the mind immediately becomes a very maelstrom of ideas, seething, useless, many of them—and sometimes they are even vicious—but presently certain things are thrown up that one may take hold of with very real hope of intelligence, even helpful thoughts.

Intense scientific application will lead inevitably to that sort of result which Humboldt desired when he said all landscape was bad that did not show the geological stratifications.

We need not bother ourselves about wave lengths, about the science of optics as affecting the human eye. We quite readily know that we see or apprehend color through the eye and that it affects the mind; also it may be wise to stop long enough to adjust ourselves to the idea that color and colors are very different things indeed—although one may scarcely believe such a proposition in the midst of the conglomeration of things presented to a suffering public as works of art!

Many things are involved in the term color; at once quality, light, atmosphere appear as guardian angels, each performing a special duty in the mystery of welding or merging colors into color.

While it is demonstrably certain that the art of painting is based upon drawing, equally certain is it that drawing alone is but half the purpose; else, why painting at all? And once this is discerned, color comes into its own and proclaims itself essential, equal. For the moment we need not consider what its own qualities are, but rather its office, and this is surely that of a revealer of form. So much of pigment which in its application is irrelevant, is foolishness, and any detached spotting of pigment is no less than folly. Drawing defines form, color reveals it. We may then reach almost an axiomatic statement that color without form is chaos. No haphazard assemblages of the palette, no flowing together of chance tones may rightly be considered color when we are considering the art of Painting. Quality, proportion, balance, juxtaposition, contrast, all these and more must be taken into consideration, and immediately we enter the realm of form, for design is one of the highest attributes of form.

Color is sensation, and because of this curious and powerful effect upon the nerves of man, it is possible for him to become inebriate, a color inebriate, and when that happens he loses all or nearly all sense of form. A study of the works of Monticelli will show beautiful drawing in his earlier things, progressing then through various changes, as the power of color took hold upon him, until at

the last he had become so heavily "doped" with color sensation that form is lost, and we have a jumble of colors, each lovely in itself perhaps, but contradictory when considered as painting. And so the mind asks, what is it all about?

At his finest, when there was a delicate searching for forms—with gem-like association of color to reveal or to obscure, they are very beautiful. Titian, who is on a far higher plane, proceeds differently, and for us he is the great colorist because there is mastery everywhere. The use of his color is understood, and the turn of a child's cheek is luscious, lovely, because the color makes the cheek turn. What a text, and how it might be enlarged upon! That he used broken color to secure this lusciousness was because he knew that pigment alone is flat, stolid, irresponsible, and that pigment overmixed to secure especial tint is deadened; that is merely part of his sensitiveness to color. It is not necessary to explain here how he secured his glowing vibrations by juxtaposition of pure color, or by the playing of tint upon tint; that he did it is evident upon examination of his work—and ever the command and the revelation of his form are evident.

Nowhere is there a flat or heavy pigmentation, nowhere a color note that is not relevant to the whole design; nor is there in Rubens, though his forms may be to us gross or inelegant. Also, both men, and indeed all true colorists, know that color, however rich, is dependent upon gray, for gray makes possible gradation, and gradation is the means by which the flat surface of canvas or panel is translated into the near and far of form. If this be true, and it is demonstrably so by a study of the masters, it sweeps aside every modernist work, with all the impudent statements of crude color, which really are statements of paint—gross, vile and not color at all!

We are not ready to return to the barbaric excitement of a spot of red or yellow or to enter the mad-house from a suffusion of yellow and purple. For this we cannot give up the exquisite delicacy of nature, her sumptuousness of color and the magic of her grays.

Everywhere in God's world, indeed, we find the Master Worker using form, color; color, form. Nor is it out of doors alone that this law is at work; the delicacy of a child's face reveals it quite as entirely; and always the color must express the form. There has been much of rhapsody written about colorists. We are told of their going mad in the glory of it, and then we see their things